it

IT / 122 27 January–10 February 1972 15p

LENNY BRUCE PART ii

MORE IRELAND

DOPE & BRAIN DAMAGE

BIKE GANG FANTASY

BEHIND THE WORTHING RIOTS

TV 4 SCANDAL

RASTAFARIANS & BLACK POWER

STOKE NEWINGTON EIGHT

+ ROCK–
FILMS–
COMIX–
FILTH–
SMUT–
ADS–

LETTERS

Fellow Humans,

(Print this if you got the guts?)

All your poxey crazey silly people. What the Pot is up (in) with you all. Now you are slaving yourselves to make homes for the Notting Hill Housing Trust. Who do you think those homes are for, BLACK SAVAGES, that's who, Ugly Power Mad Savages.

Blacks have poisoned you with their dope, savaged you with their hands, God help all you poor innocent fools.

You are also to blame for creating a mad pride in the Blacks. Can't you see Blacks and Whites can not and will not mix. A Black Person is a subhumane animal, do you ever read the papers and see all the horrible murders they commit. What about all the women they have on the game, they go around dressed like lords in Big Cars on the Money they make from you idiots and all the Old Ladies they so gallantly Rob.

Oh for crying out my soul to you, please please be freaks but be wise. I love you all and hate to see you the way you are my Freaky Friends. I LOVE YOU.

King of Kings, London

Dear IT

After reading your article on Friern Barnet Hospital in IT/121 I thought I would write and tell you of a similar incident which happened to me in June '71.

I was staying in London around Chalk Farm with a load of freaks near the Roundhouse. Most of the area in which we were staying was occupied by the S.C.H. and the rest was taken over by squatters. Anyway, one night a lot of us went down to the Roundhouse to hear Sha-Na-Na (who, incidentally were really far out). Anyway a few of us (me included of course) dropped some acid which was very strong and very freaky, anyway the next day I was still tripping strong and although I thought this was too much a chick I was with thought that I should go to a hospital.

After much arguing I decided to do just that and some guy said he would drive us there. I got to this hospital (I don't know which one) and I was told to go into a room with this guy and chick I was with and this I did. This was about 7 pm. Anyway, the next thing I remember was coming out of a very heavy doped sleep in a hospital bed about 2 am. When I finally found the strength to open my eyes and got out of bed I went to the nurse on duty and started to freak, about being kept in this hospital. I was told that I was disturbing the other patients so I decided to kip there for the night and sign myself out later on in the morning.

I woke up about 8 am and I asked for my clothes so that I could leave the hospital but I was told that I was ill, which as far as I could see was a lot of bullshit. I began to get really angry and started freaking about the ward. After about an hour they told me to follow them down some stairs. This I did as I thought at last I was getting out but when I got down I was led out a side door into a yard where I was told to go into an ambulance. After much arguing I gave in to them and went in even although I didn't know where I was going.

However I was taken to Friern Barnet Hospital where I was put into a locked ward and locked in a CELL. I was given many kinds of drugs which really made me feel very strange. One morning while sitting on the floor among about 20 long term patients, I collapsed. Every so often I'd be taken into my cell and they gave me a fix of some stuff (which nearly crippled me) into my arse. This was done about 5 times a day. I was allowed no visitors and it was 5 days before I was released and may I add (I am 18) I was only released after my old man came down from Glasgow to collect me.

Power to the Picts, Jim Kerr, 23 Bassett Avenue, Glasgow W3

Mirrorman,

21 quid deals per ¼ oz is not good, neither is ¼ oz of average black for £12 or acid at £1 per tab even if it is acid and not Amplex or some such rubbish. If you poor maligned grassed-on, bombed-out (what!!) dealers are not getting the profit, who is? Ted Heath? Please dont proceed to bore us all with the usual hard luck story about the guy you score your weights/half weights off ripping you – you can always say NO. If you say YES you do it knowing full well that you can recoup your money and make smokes and pay the instalment on your stereo, it took me ONE attempt to get a stereo together for £5. There again I did not have the responsibility for Starship Earth as well as being out of my skull on acid.

If you really want to know where things are at, switch off your stereo, leave your dope in your stash and go out on the streets of Stockton and try and get a community thing together. Go and ask the authorities to help–if you can get to see them! OK. Bombs and guns and associated shit is not good but its the only thing the pigs take notice of merely because its the only way of penetrating their smugness and complacency. Property is sacred to them and therefore is their most vulnerable spot. As for your wonderful Starship it is nothing but a burnt out hulk polluted and populated by a majority of smaller burnt out hulks. The only way to get it back to being a fully operational Starship is to stamp out the pollution, the profiteering and resultant oppression, and I for one will try and achieve that by any means I think justified until we can say, "Power, who needs it?"

While dope is essential to many people's well being, it really is only the key to a door. It is up to you to do the rest as an individual. OK A lot of people for a lot of reasons can't get beyond the door but is that an excuse to rip them off when they score? Your Rolls will depreciate in value, it is ordained by your BUY! BUY! BUY! society–as will your stereo, but your head can appreciate in value if you use it right.

Our only help is ourselves–together. Think about it.

Emmanuel Goldstein.

A TOO-FREE COUNTRY.

Alien Rioter. "DOWN WITH EVERYBODY!"
P.C. John Bull. "WELL, WE'LL MAKE A START WITH YOU."

Dear IT

I don't really know how practical this suggestion is, but if it hasn't been tried before, then it might possibly work.

A hell of a lot of good paper is wasted every week, when folks throw out all their old reading material. Scrap paper merchants (?) are willing to buy it by the ton, I think, which of course makes it impossible for the average person to make anything worthwhile. However, if someone like Release or West Hampstead's Playspace and maybe others could get things together, it shouldn't take too many moons before they made a fair profit.

Anyone interested could distribute circulars throughout their localities, asking folks to save up their used paper until a particular day. Then they could leave it outside the door, to be collected by a friendly van-owner ready for taking to the paper merchant.

Of course, quite a bit of work would be involved, but the bread might be worth it if enough people cooperate. I'm sure they would, if it was explained to them (a) what the money was going to be used for (this would probably cut out things like BIT, cause folks don't know what they are–but Playspace would be well-received), and (b) if the circulars played up the environmental aspect, such as the number of trees which would be saved. You couldn't mention redundant lumberjacks of course.....haha.

Anyway it's just an idea and if you're not interested, I'll still smoke a toast to the new year with you. By the way, try Scotsmac.

Love, and more power to your rolling arm, Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons.

Dear IT

A lotta people are bein' fucked up by Franco and his fascists in the northern Spanish province of Asturias. They ain't no screamin' A heads or freaks, just plain people tryin' to keep a goddam strike doin' (against the fascist bastard) an' they're starving at the same time. We've heard a few people say T.U.'s are all crap–well that's what these brave fuckers are striving for–recognition of the right to strike without getting shot by the GUARDIA CIVIL.

So they (and other oppressed Spaniards) have organised their own illegal T.U.'s (and illegal in Spain, as many of ya may know; doesn't mean a bullet in the brain). These "illegal" workers commissions are operating to a certain extent (for obvious reasons) inside France–if anyone can spare a quid or something (no cheques –we can't cover them if we're illegal–only travellers/Int. money ord./notes) send to:

DELEGACIÓN EXTERIOR
DE C.O.
59 rue du Chateau d'Eau
75–PARIS Xe
France

all bread gets to Spain like fast –no hassles! no customs hangups!

Thanks, B.S. Newcastle upon Tyne.

–Si hablas español, escríbeles para más información–y si no, mándales dinero.

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NEWS

"HOMOSEXUALS ARE A NUISANCE"—MAGISTRATE

The first Gay Liberation Front brother has been sent to nick. Michael Lyneham got 14 days at Bow Street last Thursday (20 Jan) for not paying a fine "for importuning for immoral purposes."

Michael was arrested 18 months ago. He was convicted on the evidence of one pig who's only grounds for arresting him were that he was gay. Michael was fined £10 and £5 costs. Said the magistrate, "I am sympathetic to people of your feelings but I feel that homosexuals are a nuisance—like parked cars."

Last week when he was sent to Brixton for not paying the fine, Michael made a statement from the dock: "I don't acknowledge that the courts have any jurisdiction over me for my homosexuality or my gay personality."

Once again the 1967 Homosexual Reform Bill is shown to be worthless. There's a demo outside Brixton Prison this saturday (29 Jan).

PERSONAL

Message for Christine from Stuart: Stuart's getting it together for the Nasty Tales thing.

BLACK BOMBERS

(Liverpool). Four young black brothers in Liverpool aged between 17 and 20 are now in jail for "possession of explosives" following an incident on 7 June last year. The sentences ranged between 3 and 5 years.

The sentences—significantly more severe than the 2-to-3 year sentences on the white youths who petrol bombed a black party in South London—were passed by Lyons, the recorder of Liverpool, who spoke strongly against these "dastardly crimes" and acts of "terrorism", but didn't mention the lack of evidence.

On June 7 a car carrying five black men was stopped by motorcycle police and searched; in the back, alleged the prosecution, were eight petrol bombs. Which, said the Liverpool Echo (but not the police!) contained soap-flakes (soap-flakes in a molotov cocktail increase its 'adhesion'—like napalm).

The defence was split from the start between Neville Ellis (the driver) and the four teenage passengers, each disclaiming all knowledge of the bombs and blaming the other.

After the failure of a defence submission that there was no case to answer because of lack of proof that the accused knew of the bombs, the verdict never seemed in doubt.

This is strange, as none of the four passengers had petrol stains on their clothes—nor any kind of cigarette lighter or matches in their possession on arrest.

All four are members of the multi-racial Stanley House Youth Club and two—Joey Joel and Leon Thompson—ran it for several months during the summer. During that time, the four of them were photographed along with other Club members by the "observer" for its "Black Britons" series—a photo which co-incidentally appeared a week before the trial.

Joey and Leon (both 20) were given 5 years each. David Ogunburo (18) got 4 years and John Arrety (17) three years. Ellis (aged 31) got a suspended sentence.

ATLANTIS NEWS AGENCY ORGANISER BUSTED

The state has struck again, this time at the organisers of the Atlantis News Agency, Bob Davis.

On Thursday 16 December, nigh pigs headed by special branch raided Atlantis' home and office. The search warrant was for explosives and ammunition. Bob Davis was arrested and charged with threatening to blow up Croydon Police Station. The alleged threat was supposed to have been part of the contents of something he once wrote.

Bob was refused bail four times, until 7 January for some unknown reason the pigs dropped objection to bail, Bob being released on £1250 surety.

A defence group is being formed, printing equipment is needed, cash is needed, help is needed. Write to Atlantis, 54 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.

Ministry of Information
White Panther Party UK

WHITE PANTHER PARTY GERMANY

White Panther Party UK Co-ordinator, John Carding, has just returned from a two week stay in Germany. His visit was twofold (a) to attent a political conference at Sonnenberg, nr Hanover, and (b) to make contact with the Party in Germany.

The conference, despite its liberal format, was a success. About 100 people from about 10 countries attended. John's radical politics so interested the other participants that he and some black brothers were given the use of the lecture room and translators, etc. for lectures.

An hour talk was given by John on the White Panther Party which received much attention, many people attending wanting further information.

The White Panther Party in Germany, although being in early days yet, is proving attractive to the youth. A radio programme on the Party is being got together, which John is going back to Germany in the near future to take part in.

WE ARE EVERYWHERE—
LIFE TO THE LIFE CULTURE

Ministry of Information
White Panther Party UK

BLUE JOKE STARTS SCHOOL STRIKE

Boy to girl in school corridor: "There's a contraceptive behind that radiator."

Girl to boy: "What's a radiator?"

An innocent enough if not very heavy or original joke. Yet the heavy-handed action of a school headmistress over this whiskered relic provoked a brief strike of the 4th, 5th, and 6th forms—over 100 pupils.

The joke appeared in a sketch in the Christmas Revue, presented by the pupils of Levenshulme High. It's blue pencilling—on the grounds that it made the show unsuitable for younger children—provoked an immediate reaction from the school council which complained that it had not been consulted, and cated it's members out on a brief work-stoppage.

All this without any assistance from the SAU, which isn't well represented at this establishment.

Mole Express

AFRO BAN STARTS SCHOOL STRIKE

Discrimination and

In Memory of

STEPHEN McCARTHY

who died 26 Jan 1971.

We have tried virtually everything,
so far without success...
But we won't give up.

McCARTHY FAMILY, FRIENDS & SUPPORTERS.

retaliation at Heathclark school in Croydon. First move in a recent school authorities/pupils dispute there was when the head (?) banned 4 black girls from wearing Afro wigs, while saying that straight wigs were OK. The phobia re. the dreaded Hair was shown again the following Tuesday, when many boys were told to get their hair cut, 100 of them immediately walked out. Later they got themselves allowed back to school with tonsure untouched by getting a petition containing 2000 signatures from the straight locals. Redfist Comprehensive strikes again!

Story taken over the telephone by Edward and written up by Bradford—just to get the facts straight!

"URBAN GUERRILLA" ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

The Brazilian guerrillas recently carried out several actions in commemoration of the second anniversary of the death of Carlos Marighella. Home-made bombs were thrown at the US Consulate and the offices of US firms in Sao Paulo, where Marighella was shot to death. Marighella was a guerrilla from the age of 20, when he joined the Red Students Federation, and was, till his death, probably the most active figure in the Brazilian liberation movement. He was, as well as being a poet, the author of the 'Mini Manual of the Urban Guerrilla' recently reprinted in the much-slighted (see IT 121) Penguin book 'For the Liberation of Brazil.' the manual is much-used by the many urban guerrilla groups, including Weathermen.

Meanwhile, in Uraguay, the 'elections' have taken place, with the government being re-elected, the traditional opposition party coming officially within 10,000 votes of winning, and the Frente Amplio, a left front, getting only 20% of the vote. Many people were murdered or tortured during the election campaign, and the traditional opposition candidate has called the election a farce, has called for military intervention. Meanwhile, the Tuparamos guerrillas, who supported the Frente Amplio without breaking their security, are expected to resume their guerrilla activities—temporarily suspended during the election—very soon.

BITMAN

Bitman No.4 is now out, price 20p. Full of its usual useful valuable information, interesting rip-offs and lengthy discussion on the underground press. Available from BIT, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 (01 229 8219). As fascinating and annoying and unique as ever.

AGITPROP

Coming soon from Agitprop—"Imperialism; A[illegible]" by Felix Greene (12p). This pamphlet is a [illegible] chapters from [illegible] Notes on [illegible] and Revolution. The first section of the pamphlet deals with a short history of imperialism while the second is a study of the new "foreign aid" form that imperialism takes.

This pamphlet is the latest in a series covering racism, imperialism and women's and gay liberation. Send SAE for full details to Agitprop, 248, Bethnal Green Road, London E2. Also the Bust Book is now back in print, still 25p.

RELEASE AND IMPLOSION

Statement by Release:

"There is a widespread misunderstanding that Release is financially supported by Implosion. It is untrue, with the exception that we did receive some money from Implosion in early 1971.

"We do not and cannot exercise any control over Implosion. The Implosion Committee are alone responsible for the conduct of Implosion's affaird and no member of the present Release staff is in any way connected with that committee.

"As to the allegations in the Underground Press concerning the financial affairs of Implosion, we have been assured by the committee that Implosion is still functioning accordingly to its original aims. However, [illegible] shown the accounts and therefore cannot comment on Implosion's financial activities.

"We believe that in view of all the accusations and challenges that have been levelled at Implosion it would be extremely desirable if it did

[illegible] counts and [illegible] criticisms as [illegible] that the [illegible] may be justified."

January 11, 19[illegible]

COATS CENSORED

2nd year sixth formers at Kings School, Rochester, were angry to find their [illegible] master, Mr. Long, had burnt their lab coats, which are vital to their working and protection of their personal property. It seems Long found writings on them "obscene". First case of censorship of lab coats!

REAPING WHAT YOU SOW

Paul Lundegaard informs us that he sent £1 to Tradvertising's Subdean Publishing for a copy of "Swedish Sex Models—an uncensored look at two 'Swedish' blue-movie queens." He [illegible] received "Swedish [illegible] Girl Sex Kittens" also priced at £1. "Instead of glorious porn," writes Paul, "all you get is this booklet with pics of a vile whore that would not turn out of place in 'The Times'. His right-male chauvinist sexist pigs would be far better off reading 'Men Only'."

SPEED WORKS

After speed for schoolkids (to calm them down if they become overexcited or uncooperative?) comes news of research taking place at the University of Wales Institute of Science & Technology, Cardiff. The research will be carried out in the psychology and pharmacy departments at the School of Health and Life Sciences. The idea is stated to be "to improve workers' output without side effects." Various amphetamine derivatives are being considered.

Professor Cook, the Dean of the School, said that there were a number of drugs used in the treatment of mental illness which could "with modifications" be suitable for this purpose. He is convinced that "within two generations we will see an increasing use of these social medecines."! But naturally, there are concerns about usage. As Professor Cook says, "There are real dangers of people abusing these medecines, and a foolproof system of control must be worked out."

Of course! It wouldn't do to have people taking them for PLEASURE, instead of so that they can work harder, now would it?

The Association of Long Kesh Concerned [illegible] organisation of Long Kesh inmates, can be written to at C.C.D.C., 39 Falls Road, Belfast. They need your help and will give suggestions as to how to organise and push to end internment.

TWENTY YEAR REMAND

Lawrence Doucette, charged with possession of marijuana for the purpose of trafficking, was remanded for 20 years by Judge Nick Mussallem, 30 Nov, in Vancouver Court.

It is the first remand of any length to be given in Canadian courts. Doucette is a free man until 30 Nov 1991 unless the Crown which will appeal the case, has Judge Mussalem's decision reversed.

The judge's decision was due to the prosecutor, Angela White, relaying the same charge the federal justice department had failed to proceed upon one month before.

Some lawyers feel that the stay and subsequent relaying of the charge is an abuse of the legal process.

FREE ANGELA!

[illegible] Angela Davis Totenhill [illegible] on Monday 31 January at 7p[illegible] outside the US Embassy, Grosvenor Square, W1, to express solidarity with Angela on trial. "Be [illegible] or be square" says the funky chicken!

The Angela Davis Defence Committee can be contacted at 10 Greek Street, London [illegible] (01 437 [illegible]).

NEW PIG MURDER

On the first anniversary of the death of Stephen McCarthy comes news of yet another death at the hands of the pigs. Gordon Gaynor, a 22 year old building worker, was arrested early on New Years Day after a dance hall fight in Watford, Herts. After his arrest, he was taken to hospital and found with a fractured [illegible] and injuries to his back, [illegible] and hands. 8 days later he died. The police said that Gordon and another man were arrested at the dance and taken to the nick. Gordon, they said, "was later found at the bottom of steps leading to the cells." Gordon's father has already said that he believes that his son was beaten and pushed down the stairs. He is now writing to Home Secretary Reggie Maudling and has already contacted his MP. A spokesman for Hertfordshire Chief Constable, Raymond Buxton, said, "At the request of the Chief Constable, two senior officers from an outside force have been carrying out an enquiry. The result is not yet known."

Maudling recently spoke out against violence in our society.

FREAK PRESS FINED

Two Black Box news photographers have been fined £10 each and bound over to keep the peace for a year after being found guilty of obstruction and breach of the peace. They had been trying to take pix of the Glasgow riot squad in action.

We forgot to give Skelf magazine, Glasgow, credit for the photos in the last issue; they were used in the Glasgow article.

PIGS USE NAZI TORTURE

The head of Durham police has been giving advice in the Police Review on how to persuade suspects to talk. In Durham, he said, suspects are put in sound-proof cells without any human contact. In no time at all he will be only too happy to talk to anyone who comes into contact with him. This resembles the technique known as sensory deprivation.

In a radio interview, the chief pig revealed that he had learned the technique from a German prisoner of war camp he spent some time in!

Asked whether such harsh psychological torture should be used on people, many of whom might turn out to be innocent, the pig replied that many were FOUND innocent, emphasising the word carefully. He was confident that a man would not confess to something he didn't do, despite the state of mind that people get into after being deprived of sound and other sensory contact.

STOKE NEWINGTON

"two's company, three's a conspiracy"

It used to be said you were innocent until proven guilty. Recently there seems to have been a subtle change in this principle. Now the idea gaining in popularity is that if the pigs arrest you, you're guilty, even though juries may sometimes be stupid enough to find you innocent.

Nowhere is this new thinking better illustrated than in the "Angry Brigade" prosecutions. So certain were Commander Bond and his gang of Ian & Jake's guilt that they were kept in prison for nine months while still technically innocent. The fact that Ian was eventually found not guilty of bombing charges by a jury has not deterred the police from continuing to oppose bail in the cases of eight more "conspirators", six of whom have been held since last August.

It's true that charges have been dropped against Chris Allen and Pauline Conroy who were arrested in November. But the carefully emphasised phrase "at this stage" makes it clear that the pigs still believe them guilty and are waiting for more evidence rather than risking them being found innocent.

And although Kate McClean, arrested 18 December, was eventually let out on £20,000 bail (not an easy sum to find), this was despite police objections, and on condition of virtual house arrest. The other three women are still inside, on the grounds that their release would enable them to "perpetuate the conspiracy." Once again, they have yet to be found guilty of conspiring.

Naturally the pigs believe the defendants to be guilty, but they still have to prove this to a jury. And they shouldn't be able to penalise defendants' chances of proving their innocence. But this is what is happening. And with the help of the courts, who are supposedly neutral.

Why, for instance, were the names of Jim Greenfield, Anna Mendelson, John Barker, Hilary Creek (arrested at Amhurst Road on 20 August) and Stuart Christie and Chris Bott (arrested visiting the house the next day) allowed to be included in the Prescott-Purdie conspiracy charges on the day of the trial, with the result that the prosecution could "prove" their guilt, and then by implication, Jake and Ian's?

Also, in the P.P. trial, why was the prosecution counsel allowed to quote 27 "outrages", despite Jake only being charged with two specific bombings and to draw no meaningful connection between most of them? And why was he allowed to say "The Stoke Newington Six were clearly guilty" and "if you find the evidence is overwhelming that those persons arrested in August were some of the persons responsible anyway for those bombings" (Jake and Ian must also be guilty). Yet they were and still are legally innocent; they were not allowed to answer the charges made in the P.P. trial, and statements made in it are not admissible in their own trial.

This was clearly prejudicial to the current committal proceedings and ultimately to a jury trial. But equally prejudicial in a different way is the denial of bail. A letter from Brixton explains, "It splits us up. Naturally under their system, it first means women and men are divided, which is simply destructive, unnatural, we are cut off from our bodies, which become things, to perform certain routines and nothing else. And because this all-male world is unnatural, it's unreal as well. To that extent, I am no longer myself, just a part."

He goes on, "In terms of preparing a coherent joint defence (conspiracy is a joint charge) everything is made many times more difficult. We have had a few joint meetings, closely observed through glass—yes, because in this world touch is subversive because it makes prisoners into a whole people. We have just heard that now we are to have no more joint meetings, at all. These decisions are at a level no doubt made by some little man in the Home Office who has never done one creative thing in the whole of his life."

"We have been physically isolated to try and make our defence into isolated defence cases, as the State would like. It would, for one thing, be doing it their way. Divide and rule, working on many different levels. This is the way QC's work, defending their client alone, never mind how much such a course means throwing dirt on the other innocent defendants. Also QC's are autocratic, resenting and preventing any control of them by their clients."

"What I am saying is this—the Mangrove 9 and the Chicago 7 did great things in not bowing down to the tyranny of the legal system. The prison remand weapon of the State is being used to try and prevent any such solid joint defence. And this is true not just for us, but for many, many people in here...

"The lousy truth is, that since we are powerless in here, we do to a degree become dependant on other "experts" called solicitors, not because of their knowledge or efficiency, but to arrange any joint meetings. We have no relation of our own to the outside world except for 15 minutes through plate glass."

However, should any of the defendants choose at any stage to defend himself he would be permanently denied legal aid. Thus the legal profession protects itself. And the Stoke Newington people have to rely on lawyers who turn up once a week or else send junior clerks, and who at joint meetings are in the habit of ignoring the women's ideas in favour of the men's.

And living conditions in prison could hardly be described as conducive to concentrated work. Lighting in Holloway consists of one naked light bulb, controlled by the screws. Anna, who's been inside since August, now finds she can only read about 50 pages of a book before her eyes give out.

While committal proceedings continue, the women miss the last meal of the day and would only be given one sandwich a day if friends didn't send in a meal at lunch-time. They also have to take all their personal possessions with them to court, because screws have turned over their cells in their absence.

This is the way in which the prison authorities work with the police to prevent a defendant preparing a satisfactory defence. If this wasn't enough, the co-operation of the Home Office in banning joint meetings of defendants in prison and of the courts in accepting police requests for bail to be denied and in rushing back to prison at the end of the day, despite promises that defendants would be allowed joint conferences before leaving.

Everything about the court works against them just as much as the police, the prisons or the Home Office. The cells they're locked in at lunchtime are so dark that reading or writing is impossible, and the only food they're given is a sandwich and a cup of tea.

Ann , Kate and Hilary have all charged the pigs with assaulting them on the way from the court to the van, but the authorities have found it impossible to identify the pigs in question.

The absolute power of the court is seldom challenged by the defence lawyers. When it is, magistrate Beaumont seldom takes any notice except to get annoyed. Lord Gifford, speaking for Pauline on her release, made a number of requests. He asked that property stolen from her flat by the police be returned. Beaumont refused when prosecutor Dorian Williams pointed out that charges were only being dropped *"at this stage."*

Gifford asked that Pauline's telephone not be tapped. Beaumont said he had no power in this direction. He asked that all her prints be destroyed. Beaumont said this was normal police procedure, such was his confidence in them.

Finally Gifford asked that in view of the constant harrassment Pauline had received at the hands of the police, pigs Bond and Mould should be bound over to keep the peace. Beaumont was shocked at the suggestion— "The application is one that I have never heard equalled in 25 years in courts up and down the country for effrontery."

Beaumont did however grant Pauline £150 to pay her lawyers with. After all, why should they be penalised, they've done nothing wrong!

Technically, the idea of committal proceedings is that the pigs are expected to show the magistrate they have a case worth taking before a judge and jury.

It's hard to believe that Beaumont will take much convincing, especially since it was he who made 20 Endell Street squatters spend weeks in jail because he insisted that sureties for bail must attend court in London. It was also he who gave George Joseph of the Black Unity and Freedom party nine months suspended for three years for, as the defence put it, restraining a policeman from using his baton on a black girl.

All of this is only to touch on the main obstructions in the way of the Stoke Newington people, and only illustrates the whole attitude of the authorities especially the police, towards "law" and "justice". No doubt when the trial of the Stoke Newington 8 does come, the pigs will try to prejudice the result even further, as they did in Jake and Ian's trial with spectacular raids which produced no results, and arrests of people who are later released.

The only slim hope is that a jury will be able to wade through the bullshit and see that the use of vague conspiracy charges is only a trick to veil the lack of evidence that the eight were all responsible for actual bombings.

"There are still eight of us there," says one of the women, "there on charges of a very thinly disguised political nature. They rest in most cases on the flimsiest of evidence, and the central thread of their attack—the conspiracy being the basis upon which all repressive regimes, operating in a paranoid manner, react. React to smash *their*

continued on page six

WORTHING

WORTHING! A DAY OR TWO IN THE SEA or A STROLL DOWN CHESTNUT LANE!!!!

In the late fifties, my adolescence, Worthing had the highest juvenile delinquency rate per head of population for any town in its size in the country. An achievement by anbody's standards and now being emulated by the town's freaks and wendos [illegible].

In them greasy days you got [illegible] for drunkenness and [illegible] and searched for knives and chains, now its for being [illegible] and mandied out in the [illegible] or for dope. Then, you'd [illegible] your drunken bleedin' [illegible] into a taxi to take em to hospital to be patched up, now you wait all night for the pigs to let your mates out after being busted, and then take them down to the hospital to be patched up.

On November 5th years ago all the local teds and rockers, who'd got thrown of the prom by the pigs for 'rowdiness', stormed through the town smashing windows and ending up burning down a local wood yard. (Bonfire of the Decade). Now people phone the pig sty and threaten to blow it up, a mandy hoax (?) as it turned out, but taken seriously by the pigs (see last issue of IT).

It could be said that Worthing has had it pretty quiet for 12 or so years. Amazing considering that the council has done fuck all for kids who feel that the St.John's Ambulance Brigade, Boy Scouts or usual Boys/Girls Club with their watery lemonade, hard seats, bright lights and Shadows records isn't the form of consciousness or fun they need. All attempts by freaks or anyone to get some kind of alternative scenes together where people can get it on and not be treated like 14 year olds on a prize giving day, have been harassed by either the council or the pigs, or both, and have received hardly any support from the youth in the town. The local Youth Officer who has recently been sacked, and who always received full support from the Council for his South Wales, has been particularly helpful to people like John May and Ian Gillet who have consistently provided [illegible] riotous fun and [illegible] the town.

[illegible] way, back to the [illegible] years, [illegible] fuzz knew more about [illegible] freaks and their [illegible] young [illegible] of [illegible] complacency or went over to Brighton for the [illegible]. Then I suppose [illegible] Rock and Roll, dope and [illegible] LSD.

[illegible] to Worthing [illegible] remember the first time I ever spoke in the Thieves Kitchen [illegible] Mock Tu[illegible] stinking of dope and full of drunken laughing stoned freaks and drunken uptight would-be Country & Twit of the Year straights) who grabbed [illegible] and examined erratically this [illegible] heads were going to all joints [illegible] hands one day and in a movement of love, peace, music, dope and flowers turn on the whole world. [illegible] knocked out [illegible] and the [illegible] LSD [illegible] turn on the [illegible] happy freaks [illegible] rappin' to people [illegible] was cool. But the [illegible] respond. They [illegible] it was real, the [illegible] people who took any notice were the park keepers and councillors who didn't like the wierd long hairs freaking out and annoying the DAYTRIPPER. The pigs noticed too, they used to dig to stop the freaks and pat 'em on the head, up and down the legs, behind the back and up the arse and aint, they used to dig to drop in for a chat over a cup of tea whilst they ripped people's pads apart. But that was part of the deal of being a head, wasn't it? The freaks got a little uptight.

Then came Phun City and the old folks and mums and dads dug that not only did the hippies dig love and peace and laughing and smiling, they also dug fuckin; and in public too!; boozin', doing vast quantities of dope, listening to loud loud rock and roll music late into the night, and behavin' lewdly and lasciviously: not only did they dig that but what they dug most was when the pigs tried to turn that music down, it got turned up (phone calls from irate residents to the Home Office!!) and when Narco Berry and his boys wandered through the doped out crowd looking for sport, they got offed by 10,000 freaks screamin' "Fuck off Pigs". They split. True, they came back for vengince with a load of their buddies when the festival was over but that's the yin of the yan, ain't it moosh?

A lot of the local heads really felt pissed off after Phun City, they didn't get paid much for for the work they'd done and they got tanked from then on. But I think in the end we all dug that we could still have all the dopin' and fuckin' and boogyin' and not have to take the hassles.

In the 18 months since Phun City, practically all of the heads have been busted for dope or some kind of pig hustling. Some have been to nick and stand to go down maybe again, and the number of times people get pulled, searched, questioned and harassed is getting so out of hand that either the very angry freaks just don't take it and retaliate, or they get so paranoid they don's go out. One cat I know has been pulled at least once every day for a couple of weeks. Without the only thing that is keeping it cool in Worthing is mandies. Which ain't a long term solution to anything but is a good way to wipe out a lot of people and a lot of energy, and to some extent the pigs, most of who'll agree that wobblin' about [illegible] does get things [illegible] sometimes though.

The reason all this shit is going down is that the cowards and catering minds folk know that if long haired people are out on the streets having local nightmares fun then a lot of the holiday trade will be pissed off and go elsewhere, making their hard earned bread with them. These nasty people can't be contained, [illegible] be if you lean [illegible] and push them down [illegible], but then they have your [illegible] resources. Neither the pigs nor the [illegible] residents can dig [illegible] people [illegible] least you [illegible] and the wisest thing [illegible] to leave the [illegible] and do what they want [illegible] people can't [illegible] that we prefer our [illegible] life culture to the death culture.

It is down to as as [illegible] to let those fuckers know that we want and need [illegible] like this. We have to [illegible] getting them to talk over us, to do this we have to loose a lot of tears and [illegible] and understand that those fuckers are [illegible] no, [illegible] weren't they [illegible] over [illegible] as the [illegible]

After they have seen this and busted us (the usual reaction) for people to go to court, to plead guilty to anything and to have no legal representation and even think they are going to get off with a fine in a town that has to send us down to survive, is an act of stupidity. It's making it too easy for them, they ain't that bright, sometimes, if questioned. The hustle comes when not too many solicitors in the town want to know about dope and obstruction cases, the more profitable conveyancing houses. Some solicitors do help but they are usually overworked.

Its time to get good solicitors together. Organisation in Chichester and Bit by Bit in Brighton are trying to keep it together but lack of bread and help make it difficult, so if you ain't into much, go along and see them, rap to them, help them and yourselves. Go see Bill Butler and Richard Copsey in Brighton and Martin at Trading Post in Worthing, some people are planning and talking about stuff for the summer.

Since Christmas, Brighton, Shoreham and Worthing sicks have all had bomb threats. There have been at least three raids made under Explosives Warrants, no prosecution yet, lots of dope busts and fights and mashing. Lots of people getting righteously doped out as well.

This may be our last chance to form a tight community before the tighter dope laws and such like repressive legislation hits us.

Happy summer folks.

Gerald Cox.

STOKE NEWINGTON

contd. from page five

political opposition in a criminal court. It's up to us, the movement and the people as represented through the jury, to have this kicked out."

And, you might add, to show who the real conspirators are.

WHO ARE THE STOKE NEWINGTON EIGHT?

Jim Greenfield, Anna Mendelson, John Barker and Hilary Creek were arrested on 20 August last year at a flat in Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington, London.

Stuart Christie and Chris Boot were arrested the following day when they visited the house. These make up the original six. Angie Weir and Kate [illegible] were arrested on 11 [illegible] and 18 December respectively.

[illegible] are [illegible] in the [illegible] between [illegible] 18 [illegible] 20 August 1971. The [illegible] are also charged [illegible] possession of various explosive substances (including gelignite and a pair of scissors). The latter charge carries a maximum sentence of life. The five are also [illegible] with [illegible] in illegal possession of firearms.

Jim, Anna, John and Hilary are further charged with domestic handling over Jim and Anna with causing an explosion in New Brown Street, Manchester on 9 October, and Stuart with possession of further explosives.

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

Last night Chataway announced that he didn't think that the time had come to make a decision about the allocation of the fourth broadcasting television channel. At the same time he lifted all restrictions on broadcasting hours.

The decision to suspend his judgement on TV4 must be put to good use to produce as much pressure and action as possible on the importance of a complete rethink of the TV system for England.

In all the controversy surrounding the Tory cancellation, one significant but vital question has been ignored: what is the purpose of television and what is its function within our community.

Primarily, television must be thought of as an element of change: both responding to and creating the energies of revolutionary and revolutionary consciousness and ideas. The TV station and its audience (i.e. its community) are like two interlaced lovers, each making progress, moving, changing, evolving feeding each other with ideas from which to have ideas. Such a movement would never be static.

The two TV conglomerates which between them control the current three broadcasted channels are intent on using airtime purely as an entertainment vehicle. TV has become an entropic system feeding man's leisure time with well worn, proven formulas, most of which are researched and produced in such a way as to uphold current morality and social values. Emphasis is put on consumption. TV in Britain today is an enemy of change, a reactionary stronghord in the grips, albeit gloved, of the Man.

Occasionally (as the Ulster Tribunal showed) the glove is removed and the deformed hand of governmental control is shown. (More recently Mandling seems to have become interested in censoring the cinema as well. He opened the play with his viewing and comments about Clockwork Orange).

TV4 just as a fifth TV network within the existing system, can never become anything better than a more liberal commercial channel, but will forever remain hampered by the proximity of the three other channels, dedicated as they are to filling up programmed leisure time. Radical evolution, rapid change and a different concept in the role of TV would be far from within its range.

The only way that TV in this country can be revolutionary is by taking advantage of the current confusion and use it to force a total rethink about the broadcasting organisations, and their structure.

Below I have tried to set out some jumble of ideas which although they never provide the whole answer might be a good starting point for discussion. The basic idea of this document is cable TV.

The very thought of TV being used by businessmen like Rupert Murdoch and Lord Grade is for their personal coffers is an obscenity. Monopolies irresponsibility and a mercenary attitude to the people's power.

Broadcasting should be essentially a non profit making concern operated by a large number of people and companies.

All television companies would get a set amount of money which would be calculated according to the minimum costs required to run a 10 or 12 hour a day station efficiently and imaginatively, without recourse to large budget shows. Special shows or series could be produced for and distributed by the cassette market. The money for the stations would be provided for through the combination of the TV licence and a rate allocation. Stations could accept advertisements in very limited numbers, but any surplus revenue at the end of each year would be donated to the central money pool, and be redistributed amongst all companies.

No form of television code should in any way influence programming or content. Each station should be absolutely free to do what it wants. The only thinkable constraints organisation could possibly be something on the lines of the Press Council.

There should definitely be the provision for the maintenance of Free Access stations, where any group or individual can make use of the media.

The existing broadcasting channels should be totally given over to educational television, whereas all the other stations could operate in cable TV. If the idea of using broadcasting channels is impracticable, there must be a provision for the setting up of educational cable stations.

All stations should try as far as possible to programme as much local/community affairs as possible. Extend the TV community thing to include drama, music and poetry. To coin an awful phrase: local talent, not talent shows.

This communication centre would ensure that a programme could become networked, but only when other stations desired to run the show.

Feature films would also be available, but stations should encourage each other not to have to resort to over time [illegible]ller.

The question of news coverage, is one which is not easily answered. A [illegible] ITN mini-news [illegible] slots etc should be [illegible] flexible. Also the coverage of news should be much wider, with individual stations being able to pick [illegible] that interests them [illegible] particular time [illegible] or [illegible]ws.

[illegible] programming should [illegible] enough to allow open ended discussions which could well go on for several days.

Programming concerning [illegible] language warning, [illegible]ation generally, [illegible] and [illegible] subjects, should all be followed up by videodisc [illegible] series continuing the enquiry into whatever [illegible] being discussed. Over the years a completely new [illegible] reference library would be created.

These are just few ideas which race through [illegible] head, last night. [illegible] them up, throw them down, make up your own.

Gordon Traeller

SEEN ANY BOLD DARING PIRATES LATELY, MALLOY?
POLICE-BM-12
CAPT'N LIVER, SIR!
THERE ISN'T ANY DUMMY PACKAGE! THIS FREIGHTER DIE THAT DUMB!
ATTENTION, YOU FAT, DEFENSELESS MONEYBOCKET!!! THIS IS THE FEARSOME LIVER, SCOURGE OF TH' SPACEWAYS AN' ALL THAT CRAP! I GONNA BLOW YA OUTA THE ETHER, IF YA DON'T PREPARE FOR BOARDING!!!!
WITH A FLICKER OF ELECTROCHAMELEOGS, THE FAT FREIGHTER MAKES A SHOCKING CHANGE OF IDENTITY.....
UH...THIS IS THE SCOURGE OF TH' SPACEWAYS...WHAT'S TH' SCORE, STUPID?
THAT'S TH' CATCH!
CATCH! IT'S A TRAP! A DIRTY, LOW-DOWN TRAP!
TWONG!
KUNK!
BONG!
POLICE BM-1
CAPTAIN'S LOG, OCT. 30, 2161... UH... OFFICER-ON-WATCH REED.... AT 2100 WE SCORED TO WATCH A DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE OF STREET CLEANING ...OTHERWISE, IT'S BEEN A SLOW, BORING BEAT!!
THE GALACTALITES
!!!
?
WHO DID WHAT TO WHOM AND WITH WHICH?

rastafarian cry

Rastafarian Cry is a news-sheet put out from Notting Hill by The People's Democratic Movement; political wing of the otherwise religious Rastafarian Movement. Rastafarians are of course the religious leaders of the West Indian community. They are now into politics.

For those who still doubt the effectiveness of Rastafarian commitment to the struggle of black people in this country, and who feel that sensationalist approach; 'show trials' and 'hipster' spades— are truely representative of black people in Britain, and the Carribbean, then a sampling of the politico-religious analysis of the thoughts of Rasta will soon dispel any doubts as to what motivates Rastas when they condemn "the decadent teaching of the so-called "Black Power Leaders."

Rats are eating away at the minds of black kids, like they do white kids who are frustrated, because they find life increasingly difficult in a society which challenges certain spiritual virtues that the young have come to realise as essential to survival. These rats are men! In the black community such men are as rampant as they are in the white community. Therefore the youth in both cultural groups need a way of differentiating between those who are sensationalists, and those who feel that many of our leaders are, as *Rastafarian Cry* points out...."*common who should be put away from the society because of the distructive doctrine which they preach to the youths.*"

The importance of the People's Democratic Movement lies in the fact that so far it is the only group in the black community to give real leadership to confused black youth. Equally important it is the first black organisation in England to challenge the assumptions made by Black Power groups, and fellow-travellers.

"They tend to represent the black mans struggle in England as if England is the home of all black men. They capitalise on the police and the black youth's struggle, this they present under the banner of Black Nationalism, which is not collective."

Here The People's Democratic Movement which is based in Notting Hill and other major centres such as Brixton, is not in the business of condemning the so-called Black Power leaders for the hell of it. They are voicing the feelings of the type of person in the black community who thinks such thoughts and fail to express them because they have been disappointed too many times to care! Especially if we realise that so many of the Black Power leaders are in fact strangers in the very communities they claim to lead. (This cannot be said of the dedicated workers in the Black Panther Movement; however because of their sincerely held belief's they are prone to accept eager language as political commitment).

It is a sad state of affairs when black people living in a community three miles in daimeter first hear about people who claim to 'represent' them in the Daily and Sunday newspapers.

Therefore *Rastafarian Cry* is correct to observe that *"As Rastafarians we believe we should let the black youth know that the time has come when they should let all these so-called Black-White Leaders know that their days are finished in this country. They the youths do not want none of their decadent behaviour, they are fedup with being used as a means to an end. Some of the youths are now in prison because of the demonstrations organised by these so-called leaders. None of these Leaders have ever been to prison."*

Rastafarian Cry is particularly *angry* about this fact of the youth being in prison while the Leaders manage to pay big fees to lawyers who fight their cases for them. And it is true that many of the youths who are arrested at mass black demonstrations have been deserted by those whose charisma influenced their thinking.

This causes great frustrations for these youths, who obviously feel betrayed, and bemused. Under the heading *"The Future Generation"*, the *Cry* echoes one of the basic grassroots feelings in communities like Notting Hill. For example the *Cry* says ....*"West Indian youths are the only youths who's contribution to society is a criminal record. Other youths from all over the world have realised that they are the future generation and are playing a positive role in building the tomorrow world in which they want to live."*

The effect of the trial of what is called the "Mangrove Nine" on the black community in Notting Hill is not yet fully accessed. However that trial has caused great questions to be asked. The political content of much of what went on in court, at the Old Bailey leaves confusion. And poses the question of objectives.

On this question of objectives the *Cry* is very clear. It does not accept England as a home for black people, and therefore formulates its programme in almost total opposition to the Black Power position on this question. Rasta has no intention of fighting for a revolution in this country, and sees the Black Power position as a confusing philosophy, which ultimately dissipates the energy of black people, especially black youths.

"Today we the Rastafarians are calling upon the youths to shake off the influence of these people and start to educate ourselves to play an active part in the struggle of the Black Man's Liberation, turn your eyes and mind to Africa and the West Indies because it is there is the battlefield."

Because of this position, the conflict of interest between Black Power and Rastafarian philosophy is certain to develop in a struggle for power in black communities in England. Rasta has the edge in any such struggle, because the current expression of Black Nationalism, to the extent that it is expressed by Black Power, takes its direction from none other than the political and religious statements made mainly by Marcus Garvey, and the Rastafarian brothers some forty years ago now. Emotionally the power of Rasta is all consuming. Not only did *he* create the major music of the West Indies Reggae, he has now come to demystify and challenge the use of reggae music by commercial interests.

On this the *Cry* says: *"How many of you the West Indian Youths are strong? Only the Rasta Youths who don't get lost in the the reggae world. Only the Rasta Youths has given up doing wrongs and dissassociate themselves from criminal company."*

It may seem incomprehensible, even reactionary of Rasta to think such thoughts; yet deep down inside of every black power worker, there is a potential Rastafarian. This is because West Indians are wholy unhappy in this country, and would gladly leave if only they could. And Rastafarians are the only black political group in this country working actively for nothing less than repatriation. As the *Cry* points out: *"We must also change with time. Let us become collective, not only spiritually but also politically in order that we can advance our aims and see repatriation as practical. Therefore the principles for which the Mangrove Nine was tried is for all practical purposes irrelevant in basic black grassroots terms."*

COURTNEY TULLOCH

BRAIN DAMAGE

Remember those "Cannabis Causes Brain Damage" headlines a few weeks ago? Well, this is the evidence as reported in 'Lancet' (4.12.1971).

The claim was made by Dr. A. M.G. Campbell who said he'd found indications of cerebral atrophy, a wasting away of the brain cells, in ten male patients who had taken cannabis.

The extent of the damage was measured by air encephalography whereby air is introduced into the ventricular system of the brain, which is normally filled with fluid. X-rays of this space can then be taken and if the X-rays show the ventricles to be enlarged, it can be inferred that there is less brain tissue than expected and that brain damage may have occured.

The patients, who were all between 18 and 28, all showed significant ventricular enlargement and although this condition can be caused by many things, including head injury, old age, congenital malformation or alcoholism among others, it is rare in young people.

Dr Campbell is convinced that cannabis is to blame— *"Far too much attention has been paid to psychological and behaviour disturbances, without relating these to the possibility of permanent damage to the brain"* he reasons.

But what Dr. Campbell fails to make clear is that the patients could hardly be said to be a typical cross-section of dopers. Four had presented themselves at a neurology department for investigation of headaches and memory loss; two had been attending a drug addiction centre, three came for help to a psychiatric clinic and the tenth had been admitted to hospital on an acid bummer.

On top of this, the patients examined by Campbell all used a variety of drugs and not enough is known about other characteristics in their backgrounds that might account for the brain damage.

Also comparison to a control group is difficult, because air encephalography is an unpleasant type of examination which is not undertaken lightly. Data is therefore lacking on the frequency of this condition in many forms of mental illness and in the general population. But in one study by Lönnum of 100 patients with this sort of damage, no particular cause could be found in a large number of cases and seventy-one of them took no "drugs" (illegal drugs, presumably).

This additional information, all plainly presented in the "Lancet" must throw some uncertainty onto Dr. Campbell's conclusions, yet, needless to say, most Fleet Street editors seemed to miss it.

(adapted from "drugs a society")

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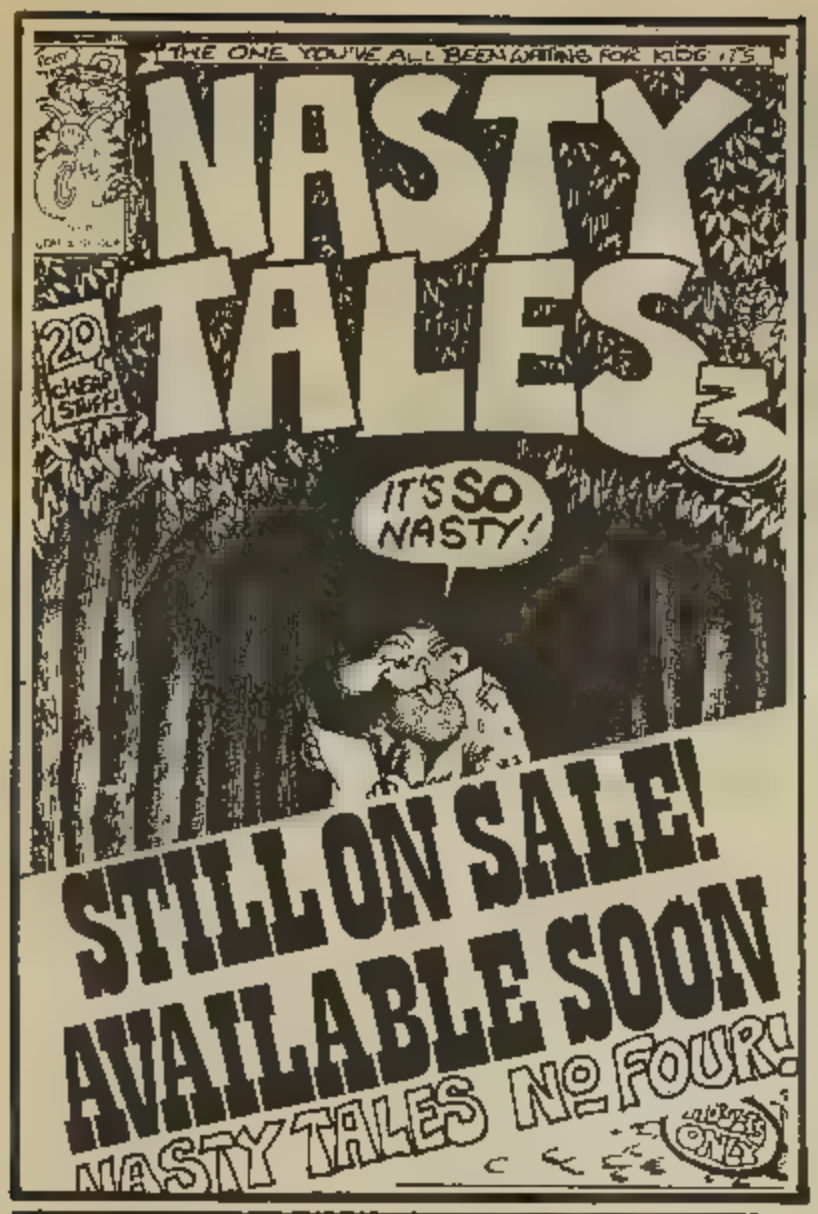
APPLE 9

Graphic by George Snow

Pádraig Pearse 1916



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LATE/UNCLASSIFIED

LONG HAIRED freak guy 20–25 thin, wanted to share room, W 4, or sexy going chick. Rent £4.50. Kitchen, shelf too. Come round. 128 Sinclair Road, W 4. Tony bell, or ask for Nicole (Nicky or ring 603 2268 between 7.00 pm–8.00 pm any evening.

Young man seeks female who could entertain him for short periods during the day. Any area London/Home Counties. Good opportunity to acquire extra spending money with discretion assured and expected. BOX 122/19

FOUR randy fuckers (21–23) seek chicks for new group experiences. Photo appreciated. BOX 122/20

GROOVE in the Sun. Anyone interested in joining new commune on Grand Bahama come to Brighton Room, Westbury Hotel, London W1 promptly at 6.30 pm February 3rd for film show and drinks. We have the bread. You bring the souls. Come one. Come all.

YOUNG gay teacher wishes to meet good looking presentable youth over 21 preferably student or apprentice, for genuine friendship. BOX 22/21

YOUNG man (18) shy and inexperienced, wishes to meet girl for sex and friendship. BOX 122/22

CHICK wishing to travel, Switzerland, Sweden, May-June with rooster needing companionship, love. All expenses paid. BOX 122/23

MAN 27, separated (please disregard). Vegan, schizoid, outsider, deep-feeling, mildly depressive, often fun. Ascetic sensual dropout inclinations. Northerner may move London. Interested loving hangups and healthy leisurely meaningful, zany living. Seeks loving relationship with intelligent open-minded, non-materialistic female or with hangups and sense of humour. Correspond initially BOX 22/24

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In the last issue of IT we ran three pages from a forthcoming book about Lenny Bruce entitled Lenny, Honey and Sally by Albert Goldman. Here is a little more from the same book.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LENNY BRUCE

The Blue Angel has Lenny a little upright. It's not in sort of jazz. He made his name in off-beat places along San Francisco's Broadway and LA's Strip. He's worked a circuit of Mafia clubs in Chicago, Miami, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Boston. But the Blue Angel is his first heavy "class" date in the dim... the Eastside dome where the pictures of Hildegarde hanging her chiffon flying and going through those long-dress intros while the fag piano player makes behind her fashion... so get to be a lot of rich hemophiliacs and pole taggots and genuine Old Silver princesses with purple veins on the back of their hands standing as high as their diamonds. Through the whole show he'll be telling people whispering, "What's *schmuck*? What's *schmuck*? What's *schmoe*? What's *schmoe*?" He has to make this gig. Because he digs the prestige, the name, the fame. He'll be able to stomp the out-of-town owners. "What's that? You don't want to stop service during my act? Well, you've got to because I'm used to working chic supper clubs like the Blue Angel."

Walking into the club's murky interior, he immediately recognizes the proprietor, Max Gordon. Max is a little cold-headed man with moist sclerotic eyes crowned with bushy gray triangular brows. He's very soft-spoken and gentle in appearance. Inside he has the hard heart of a survivor. Greeting Lenny with a sweet smile, as if he were his *peydah*, Max *schlumps* down a dip a bar stool and awaits Lenny's pitch. He knows what's coming.

Lenny sighs. Max: "It's a lot of money anyway you figure it. If you were the only act it would be different. But we got a policy here, three, sometimes four acts on the bill, pushing you out." Robin Clary: "He doesn't come cheap." Meanwhile Max is thinking, "Yes, Lenny's hot now. He did business at that dump, the Duane. But this is not a little cocktail place. Here is a very chic club for middle-aged people who live in Sutton Place and come out after the show to drink a Scotch and Perrier and see a couple of French or English acts, something witty, clever, sophisticated. Lenny Bruce's different. He's with obscenities and fast talking and inside humor and hostility. People will be offended. There'll be walkouts. Some nice middle-aged businessman staying with his wife at the Waldorf, business and vacation combined, they'll come up and say, 'What the hell kinda place are you running here?' I didn't think this was the kind of show you put on here. It's no joke!"

Finally, Max slides very slowly off his stool, takes a little shuffling walk down the bar to where the black glass partition marks off the entrance to the main room. For a minute he runs his eyes over the sanny quilted walls, the pink and black tables crowded together like pieces on a checkboard. The tiny velvet-draped stage at the back of the room. At last he turns around and comes up to Lenny rolling the cigar in his fat tapered dry old man's fingers. "Alright, Lenny, I'm going to give you when he talks business. Look, Max, I wanna work this room, but you've got to make my price. I'll do two a night, three on the weekend, work a seven day week, sweep up a ten hours. But the number is 3500 in cash."

Max's eyebrows fly up in practised surprise. The cigar is withdrawn from his little mouth like a cork from a bottle that pops. "You gotta be kidding. You're way out of line! $3500! I never paid that to anyone! I had Eartha Kitt, Miles Davis, Harry Belafonte. I never heard such a price. How would I make that?"

Lenny sits right back at him, big dark eyes reaching under those shaggy eyebrows. "You'll make it Max. Look what did last year in New York. Went into the Den at the Duane, a nothing cocktail lounge, a place nobody ever heard of. I worked there one week and they were famous. After six months they were rich. Man, *schlepped* in half the city, copped all kinds of press, did two shows a day. Steve Allen kicked the people in the same job for me!"

Max has played this game before. He turns back to Lenny, looking down at the floor he mopes. "This year business is bad. Nobody goes out anymore. We don't get the after-the-theatre crowd. As we used to. I'm not sure I can dig blah blah blah."

Lenny is moving in on the kill now. He's got his face right into Max's face and he's swinging and rolling up columns of figures on the palm of his hand. "Look, Max, just break it down in dollars and cents. Seven days, $3500, that means I have to do $500 a night to pay myself. You get 150 people here, a $350 cover, nobody walks out without getting stuck for twice that, 150 x 2. That's a grand a night. Now, I'm not a fat man, I don't need much. I'm married, I live with my mother, I don't do drugs, I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't even eat much. I'm willing to cancel lunch."

"[illegible] business, I'm going to sell myself. You can't even charge admission. Does that sound like a good deal?"

Lenny sights Max along his shoulder, sighting on the bridge of his nose. Max's head is cocked to one side, his mouth hanging open in a dumbfounded expression. Lenny is standing with his fingers spread in the facade of the Palace. Arnold and Terry come along, linking across the street and Lenny, with his arm around Max's shoulder, turns them the other way. On the way back to the hotel, Lenny is jubilant. Nothing delights him more than getting his own way. He got his after-hours gun. Terry and the Washington Arms in all kinds of stuff. Lenny's relating an incident that occurred around Christmas, just before Terry came down to Chicago. Lenny had taken a week off to work on his autobiography with a guy named Al Hollander, a journalist friend. They were holed up in this 9 x 12 garage cum pad in North Beach. Hollander, with his head down, is a fast-breed sudden screenwriter, with a back-up stable of movies coming out. He's Chinese, a nightmare even. Another night, Lenny's very, very upset because his dog has shot at a cat and missed at all shots. He's pacing back and forth, his head down, his arms folded across his chest, like a Napoleon, muttering to himself. Finally, he stops and stares out of the window at the cat, which is sitting on the fence, licking its paw. Lenny turns to Hollander and says, "Hey, Al, I'm going to give you a piece of advice. Never, never, never,

ROCK

FIRESIGN THEATRE
"We're All Bozos on this Bus"
(Columbia)

"Al[illegible]
"Bro[illegible]
"We[illegible]
"La[illegible]

B[illegible] you [illegible] squeeze [illegible] already [illegible] this guy talking about [illegible] you're [illegible] the Firesign Theatre [illegible] would exactly be your [illegible] anyone of their albums [illegible] been released in this country [illegible] though at least 2 [illegible] are available [illegible]

Firesign [illegible] are a [illegible] They [illegible] what the [illegible] 50s. Are you really [illegible] inspired [illegible] makes [illegible] strange [illegible] fiction). [illegible] source [illegible] ly things like American [illegible] old movies [illegible] car salesmen, religion [illegible] a CLEAR mind and a healthy body [illegible] that's [illegible] and sinuous [illegible] Their satire [illegible] and fantastically funny [illegible] records [illegible] bugged down as they're constantly changing and moving [illegible] special dimension [illegible] winners [illegible] as well [illegible] Firesign [illegible] independently [illegible] speakers).

If you've [illegible] before [illegible] of the [illegible] album [illegible] a little difficult to get into "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers" is in [illegible] section, one about the Psychhouse Church of the Freedom [illegible] another takes the form of an old Hollywood movie about Pirates and Mudlarks, two guys who are Graduating from Mon Science High School. This [illegible] the "cosmic giggle" really all. Or you could try "How Can You Be In Two Places At Once, When You're Not Anywhere At All?" A marvellous record, guaranteed to make you laugh more balls off. The title is about (if that word means anything in this context) [illegible] who plays a stuffed complete with climatic control [illegible] colour TV. Flip it over [illegible] and you've got [illegible] thing that was [illegible] the cosmic [illegible] Nick Danger [illegible] (?) on the [illegible] program [illegible] is so far [illegible] heart [illegible] listening [illegible] explosion [illegible] never [illegible] variety [illegible] funniest [illegible] and sometimes [illegible] funniest [illegible] like Rock [illegible] everything [illegible] (even [illegible] Not [illegible] Brazil [illegible] programme [illegible]

And [illegible] a new [illegible] you're either [illegible] This [illegible] Future. Lucky [illegible] a trip there with [illegible] "Join the future, it's [illegible] it's storing right [illegible] trip takes [illegible] technical [illegible] simulated [illegible] inhabited by Helpless Bozos [illegible] Bozos [illegible] Workers [illegible] Tales of Science [illegible] world [illegible] humps [illegible] about [illegible] Fudd's First Law of Opposition, and Technics Devious to Fudd's Law, ("It comes in, it MUST go out" —vying rise to the [illegible]

[illegible] records [illegible] environment in your [illegible] as you listen. On "Bozos" sound effects are particularly [illegible] total concentration [illegible] attention [illegible] played. Hover Chris [illegible] impossible to [illegible] inspired [illegible] makes [illegible] strange [illegible] fiction). [illegible] source [illegible] ly things like American [illegible] old movies [illegible] car salesmen, religion [illegible] a CLEAR mind and a healthy body [illegible] that's [illegible] and sinuous [illegible] Their satire [illegible] and fantastically funny [illegible] records [illegible] bugged down as they're constantly changing and moving [illegible] special dimension [illegible] winners [illegible] as well [illegible] Firesign [illegible] independently [illegible] speakers).

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[illegible] than create and supply the hysterical demand for his body [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] Winter War
(Polydor)

This rather oddly titled [illegible] material [illegible] released in these [illegible] and sudden [illegible] not country [illegible] a couple of budget [illegible] featured old pre-Experience [illegible] Why there is such an abundance of Jimi's work available in such quick succession [illegible] there's been one album [illegible] since October [illegible] (1) the [illegible] record company [illegible] (2) all the [illegible] old Mike Jeffery [illegible]

I personally can't [illegible] like many of [illegible] each of Hendrix [illegible] that level for many [illegible] entirely satisfying situation [illegible] get the product and Mike [illegible] centre. Still, however, [illegible] fan feels [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] artistic integrity [illegible] served, when all these [illegible] coming at each [illegible] observed. When there's [illegible] demand there's always [illegible] supply—that's business [illegible] sooner or later there's a [illegible] supply may have [illegible] standard of product [illegible] It's important is the [illegible] yet with Hendrix? Who [illegible] could more than [illegible] of the Master's [illegible] since he's not here [illegible] about [illegible]

Well, knowing Hendrix [illegible] the perfectionist he was [illegible] that he wouldn't [illegible] the happy with the [illegible] situation, but then again, taking [illegible] everything into account, not to [illegible] up about it either. "Crying of Love" since of the six it was the only official album which [illegible] finished, scheduled to [illegible] released, he would [illegible] "Experience" (released last July and out here in [illegible] October) much as it increases [illegible] (good or bad—this is a personal opinion—I could [illegible] always at least [illegible] interesting) doesn't detract from the conviction that [illegible] wouldn't meet with Jimi's satisfaction. "Isle of Wight" well, anyone who was there depends the own opinions [illegible] could be certain what Hendrix would think about that [illegible] I should like to see [illegible] Taylor see official [illegible] in releasing it [illegible] respect it is obviously [illegible] interest (I know [illegible] side the point but [illegible] the man all on its own [illegible] the photo from some other little known gig and cover. Surely an act of [illegible] from a mishandling of [illegible] "band of Gypsies" [illegible] which features [illegible] the [illegible] a photo of Hendrix [illegible] Mexico [illegible] Yellow Village) [illegible] power [illegible] City Of [illegible] including the [illegible] "I Have My Time [illegible] Cousin" and the [illegible] of "Star Spangled Banner" [illegible] I think Jimi would [illegible] any objections.

Of all the posthumous releases, and it is a [illegible] rapidly becoming [illegible] these seems to be the favourite. "Hendrix [illegible] his months in [illegible] Electric Ladyland [illegible] Berkeley [illegible] Cousin [illegible] Band [illegible] Jimi [illegible] Band of Gypsies [illegible] Jimi [illegible] Band of Gypsies [illegible] Jimi [illegible] Band of Gypsies

U.S. NEWS

SLY STONE is being sued for $18,415.65 by Village Recorders in Los Angeles. The suit charges that Sly rented recording equipment for use in his home studio, agreeing to pay $100 per hour for each hour the equipment was in use.

BOBBY KENNEDY Jr., 17 year old son of the late Robert F. Kennedy was ordered to pay $50 in court costs on a loitering charge after he allegedly spat ice cream into a cop's face. The incident occured in the ancestral Kennedy abode, Hyanis, Mass.

The police officer contended that Kennedy was talking to a girl in a parked car which was obstructing traffic on a busy street. He said Kennedy refused to move when harassed.

Kennedy, long haired, sandaled and reasonably surly for a member of the ruling class, pleaded nolo contendere (no contest) when arraigned in Barnstable District Court.

Because he "lacked money" Judge Henry L. Murphy gave him one week to raise it. A practice some other sorts of defendants might find interesting as precedent.

This was Kennedy's second arrest. His first, with R. Sargent Shriver Jr. son of JFK's Peace Corps director, was for dope. They were put on a year's probation and the case filed.

DAVID PEEL and the Lower East Side have broken up, with lead guitarist Billy Joe White out to form his own electric rock and roll group.

GIs CAUGHT USING DRUGS may no longer be allowed to re-enlist, according to a military spokesman. "Soldiers desiring to re-enlist must have a negative urinalysis," he said.

STEVE STILLS has donated $16,000 each to the Washington Free Clinic and the Black Man's Development Center to fight drug abuse. Stills just beat a cocaine rap.

DR. T. M. is about to let us know how he flew the coop. Maybe.

A new book's been written, and while US publication rights are being negotiated by various Leary agents, various agents of the State Department would like to negotiate preview rights just to [illegible] the possibility of any erroneous description getting to the public..." ya understand. A government spokesman further stated: "We don't have any reason to interfere with the publication." Which don't mean a thing to the N.Y. literary agent in whose waiting room a G-man has been waiting (what else?) for a few days.

The book, titled 'It's About Time' is said to describe (in 400 pages) how Leary skipped the California prison farm, got a passport (to one jail after another, it seems) made it to Algeria, Jordan and still another jail in Switzerland. At least the Swiss fuzz allowed bail while Leary fights extradition to the U.S.

Don't know why the State Dept is concerned—with all the troubles Leary's had since he split he sure ain't doing things right.

(thanks to Creem/UPS)

BOOKS & FILMS

HAYTER OF THE BOURGEOISIE
(Theresa Hayter, published by Sidgwick & Jackson at £1.50)

Hayter quite definitely is OF the bourgeoisie. Her book, printed, as she says, because her father is a good friend of Lord Pontefract, of Sidgwick etc. in, and they both thought, etc. etc. Well, it shows. Theresa's revolution is the revolution of the well-stuffed armchair—of a certain personal detachment which may or may not have anything to do with her position on the Red Mole editorial board. True, her analysis of such things as the politics of South America and the decline and fall of the Labour Party are interesting, but hers analysis does not stand through as far as the family, which is in fact the basic unit of political, social control and motivation. Wait till it comes out in paperback before you buy it, then don't even touch it without reading 'Female Eunuch' or 'Politics of Sex' too.

Bradford

CLAUDE LEVI STRAUSS AN INTRODUCTION
(Octavia Paz, published by Jonathan Cape)

What another introduction to Levi Strauss? This is about the fourth so far. If you're into Octavio Paz, read it—otherwise the original is still the greatest.

Bradford

KNOTS
(R. D. Laing, published by Penguin Books)

Laing has the following he does because he speaks to our condition. Few of his books are primarily popular notions, but Knots clearly is.

The problem is to express the complexity of the relationships between two people without making it look like algebra on the printed page. His solution is to make it look like poetry. On the whole it works. Sometimes the necessary repetition of the same word or phrase causes word-diarrhoea. But read slowly, thoughtfully and perhaps aloud, the problems of any offspring and parent, any Jack and Jill, or oneself and anybody else, may begin to untangle. In the unravelling, what was unspoken is put into words. It can then be seen to be the tragedy, farce, or pure unreason that it is. But conversely, Laing ends in true mysticism by virtually putting his finger to his lips in order to indicate, not express, the inexpressible. Nirvana = [illegible]

The oracular tone may be a bit maddening at times, but on the whole it's a book to drive people sane.

Patrick Newman

A NEW LEAF
(stars Walter Matthau, Elaine May. Directed and written by Elain May)
Plaza, Lower Regent Street

Film snobs are almost certain to accuse me of sacrilege for this, but Walter Matthau is beginning to develop himself into a latter-day W.C. Fields. Not as a rival, granted, but similar (though differently developed). There is the same cynicism, the dry humour, the unscrupulousness, the bigotry and immovability. "Sir," says his butler, "you have kept alive traditions which were dead before you was born."

Matthau plays an aging playboy, who having spent his considerable fortune, faces the problem of keeping up appearances while raising more money. On advice from his butler, he decides to get married—planning to do in his bride later on. Meanwhile, he borrows $50,000 from his uncle, but has to agree to pay it back tenfold if it is not paid within 6 weeks. Desperately he hunts for a wife. And see what he finds: a millionairess botanist without dependents and almost totally incompetent. I did say she's primitive? I retract that. She's feral. Tall and clumsy (?)... every time she eats, she has to be vacuumed. "I," Matthau, moves in and takes over, and gets involved. Sorts out her household affairs, and when it comes to doing her in, yes, he can't manage it. "Darling," she says adoringly. "From now on I'll always be able to depend on you, won't I?" "I'm afraid so," says Matthau.

Many will criticize that this is a movie for snobs and rich liberals. Well, I disagree. As a piece of piss-taking, it's gentle, but acute, though not taken up as it ought to have been. Still, Elaine May, who seems to be mainly responsible for this movie, also makes a gorgeous foil for Matthau, and directs herself into an excellent cameo role, with its peak being a tussle between her, Matthau and a Grecian nightgown. Why it falls flat at the end is still something of a mystery to me: maybe they couldn't think of a funny sentimental ending. Take your rich maiden aunt when you want her to leave you, everything.

Bradford

SOME WIERD MOVIE

On 29 December, 1890, at Wounded Knee, the US Cavalry massacred the last defiant band of Sioux Indians. The Indians of the Great Plains had been ground into submission by the Cavalry, by white settlers and by the seemingly benevolent Indian Bureau, who cut their beef rations with poison and gave them moth eaten buffalo hide so that they froze to death in the winter.

The popular stereo type of the Indian as a brutal savage, opposed to the civilising mission of the farmer and the cowboy, was already well established by the time of Wounded Knee. Tribes who attempted to play the white man had their rights eroded, and traditions destroyed. Tribes like the Sioux who resisted were harassed, tricked and finally beaten into conformity.

Hawk curled up tighter inside his split, but he couldn't get warm enough to get back to sleep. Squinting at the sun just rising through the trees he decided it was better to get up and get moving anyway. He unzipped his sleeping-bag and sat up, looking round at the wet grass and the black ashes of last night's fire. He shivered.

Crowjane, his Lay, was still asleep, so he stood up and stumbled over to his Bike, standing under a small tree.

"You fucking beautiful thing," he said softly to himself as he folded up the oilcloths that kept the damp off the Bike. "It really gets through to you" he thought as, forgetting the cold morning, he bent down, to clean the shit and dirt off the chromed parts and polished block.

"Lays are OK.....but man..... Bikes are something else.....no fuckups with saying the right thing to keep them happy....."

He was fixing the [illegible]

that had made them fall behind the rest of the tribe yesterday when Crowjane woke up. "Hi baby," she called, "Looks like a good day."

"Yeah" mumbled Hawk, looking up at the blue sky and feeling the warmth beginning to cut through the dawn mist. "Roll up those splits and put them on the Bike, we've gotta move."

He pushed the Bike off its stand, cocked his leg over and sat down. Turning on the gas, he flooded the carbs, flicked the choke lever and turned on the ignition. He gave it a quarter turn on the throttle and stood up on the kickstart and cranked it down. A damp splutter, he gave it two more, and the early morning stillness was ripped apart by the exploding engine. He eased back the choke and the noise settled down to a rumbling growl.

"Get on kid" Hawk called, and kicking up into first he slowly steered the Bike out onto the Highway.

Half an hour later Hawk pulled in at a Howard Johnson's, the usual morning rendezvous for the gang.

He drifted the Bike over to where the others stood in the shadow of a 50' high plastic Eskimo. "Trust fucking Frankie to choose fucking ice cream for breakfast again" he thought, but at least it was good to be back in the security of the Tribe.

"Wha kapya?" "Whereya bin already?" "Couldnya take da speed punk?" his brothers greeted him with predictable humour. Giggles and a high pitched tittering from some of the guys who were stoned already and a slow heavy guffaw from Head. The greys, blues and browns of their levi's and rabbit skin waistcoats, tanned faces and buckles, hair contrasted with the neat white plastic and stainless steel shrillity of the ice cream parlour.

They were all well into their ice cream; Memphis with green goo dripping from his straggly beard as he dozed off in the corner, Cosmo slurping his Cherry Fudge 'n Whipped Apple Sauce with his usual sprinkling of crumbled reds on top—bombed already, and Vince gurgling childishly as he played with the walnuts on top of his Yoghurt and Neapolitan Sundae.

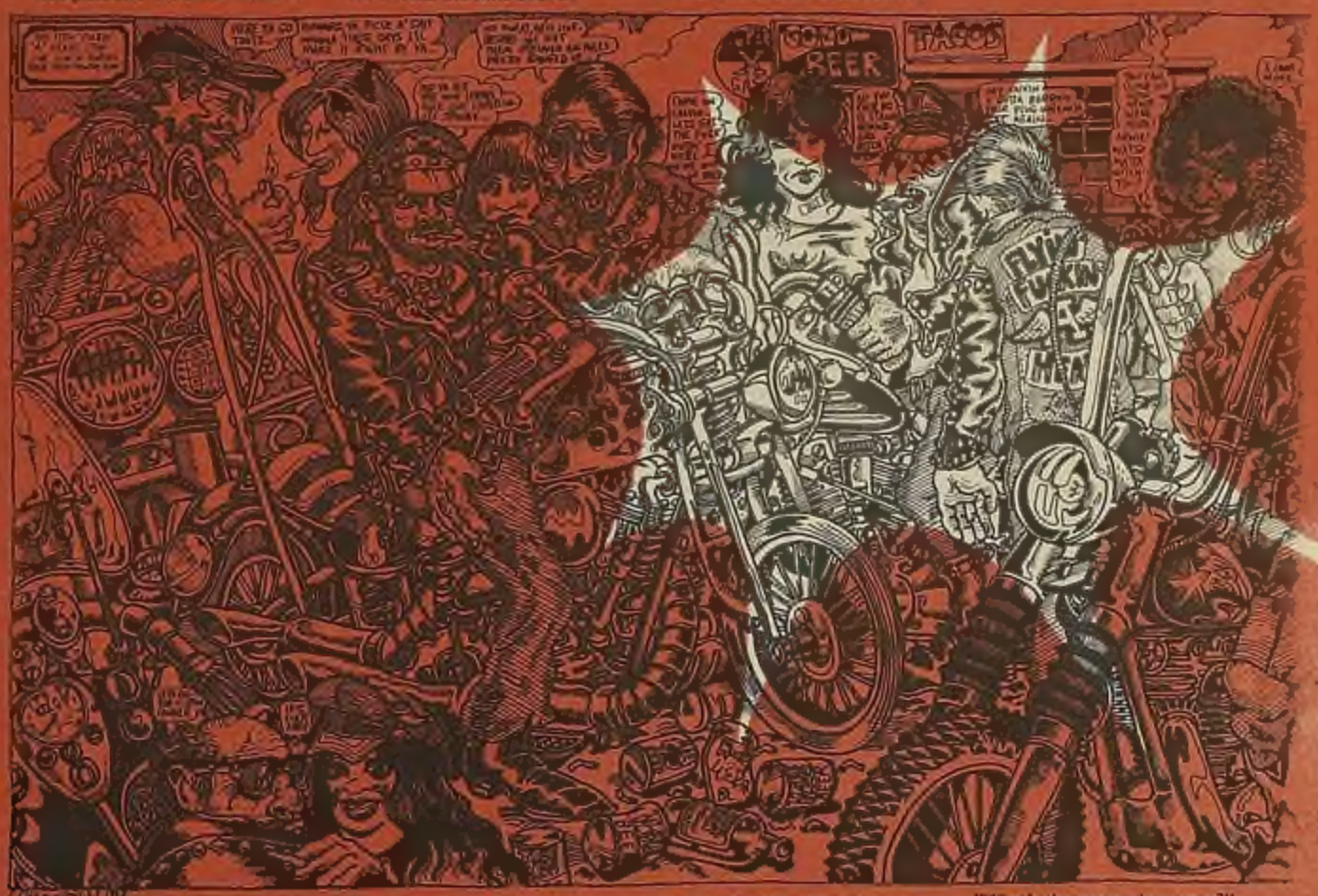
Hawk looked down the list, he was up to 75 yesterday, another few weeks and he would have made all the 99 flavours. "Number 76 please" and in two minutes the grinning spade behind the counter served him with his Butterscotch, Grapefruit and Maple Syrup special. "Put some cherries on it" he ordered—Jane never touched anything without cherries to catch her eye.

Outside again while the tribe got their various Lays and Bikes together Frankie and Hawk decided to get onto 51 South and then onto 49 West; the roads in Mississippi would be less hostile than the rednecks in Arkansas on the other Route. With tyres screaming, the Tribe roared out into the Southbound stream of traffic. The bikes growled and grumbled on, the wind howled and the road vibrated into a shimmering flow of colour, unfolding like a movie—the bikes stood still and the scenery rushed past. Hawk thought back to the old days when there were still open roads. Now with the banning of all public transport and the new Compulsory Consumption laws the roads were loused up with billions of fucking tin cans full of Mom, Pop and the brats. The mothers were always heaving empty Coke bottles at you just for a laugh. Got on your fucking nerves.

Thinking of Coke bottles Hawk remembered his old brother [illegible] Ripped a fucking bazooka off the National Guard at a July 4th rally—used to carry it around set up on the chair of his Harley. One day this cowboy was trying to freak up our formation as we were cruising down the Lake Loop Freeway—and Jody, the crazy fucker, let this grinning bastard in his shiny Mustang and stetson hat have it right in the face—like we never guessed that the dumb guy had it loaded for God's sake. And like it was too bad man—the recoil shot him sideways through a steel barrier and into the Lake man. Sad thing was that his Harley, a '74 model too, got wrecked.....too fucking awful man.

"What you thinking of honey" it was Jane.
"Nothing."

They hit Clarksdale at noon, it was hot and humid and all the townfolk sat in the bars, staring at the minor Armageddon that rumbled through their streets. Frankie pulled up outside the Welfare Administration building on Pine St. and Main leaving the others outside and went into the small waiting room. He sat down beside a freak who was just stubbing out a roach on his boot heel.



"What's the system here man?" he asked.
"Oh, very cool man, they cash your coupons for gas vouchers or dope tickets that you change at the Federal Farm down the road—no shit like giving you food or clothes or junk like that."

Frankie felt happy, the new Administration was such a change from the old days—they really left the freaks and bikers and spades alone—you could work on dope farms if you wanted some extra bread—you could get paid to work in a movie at a 'festival'—or you could just pick up your checks for dope and gas. None of the old harassment. You

continued on page 22

SMALL ADS

Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (company) and 5p per word (individuals). Ads for pads are free. Box numbers are 50p extra. Send your ad—together with cheque/postal order made out to 'Bloom (Publications) Limited'—to Joy, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF, to reach us not later than one week before date of publication.

PADS

YOUNG GAY, with hangups from repressed childhood, needs pad with others preferably small commune (gentle). No job at present but can probably find one with some help. Place in Group Therapy group arranged for me soon, in S.London Hospital. So needs shelter and sympathy desperately. Love to all. BOX 122/1

"Cold Blue Tits" bird lover has pad for petite chick. BOX 122/17

CHICK, 22, seeks crash pad. 2 wks in London. Write, Gina, 45 Primrose Street, London

GUY (22) and girlfriend (24) and child (3) seek accommodation in commune in London (fairly central). Will bring in regular money. Artistically/musically inclined, etc. Friendly offers to: Mart & Sue, 15 Birch Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire

WANTED—commune for a chick and her cat. BOX 122/18

IS THERE a chick in Oxford who would share her pad and her life with pleasant freak (student aged 21). At BOX 122/2

LONG HAIRED joiner, 26 years, own pad, on good scene, most sincere, needs whick to share experiences, expenses, etc. for indefinite period, suit nurse or similar type. No nonsense please. BOX 122/3

PLEASE could you help. The girl I have spent the last five years with has left and is having another guy's kid. I am really broken up by it. The only hope I have of getting her back is by getting a pad in or around Victoria Station. I know it sounds mad but it really would get us together again. So please would you answer this ad. Any pad will do around Victoria if there is any guy or chick with a pad that they don't want to lose but won't be using for a few months if they're going to the US or something. I really need a place. Dave Martin, 44 Earls Court Road, Kensington, London W8

MISCELLANEOUS

RADIO North International, progressive music station in the Potteries. 221 metres. For information on the Station and LPs on cassettes and reels including bootlegs write to 55 Ledward Street, Winsford, Cheshire

TWO GUYS willing to do a little work in exchange for accommodation. Little bread, plenty dope. But she, anything considered. Jud, 16 Fairfield Avenue, Rhyl.

SITARS, tampuras, sarods, sarangis, harmoniums, vinas, shehnais, dilrubas. Sufi, 53 West Ham Lane, Stratford, London E15. 534 6539. Open 7 days a week 10—10 pm. Central Line.

THREE talented guys (24) wish to earn good bread after April. Absolutely anything, anywhere considered. BOX 122/4

ALTERNATIVE day school. Kirkdale School, 188 Kirkdale, Sydenham, SE26. 778 0149 3½—13 years.

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PERSONAL

MALE ONLY introductions. SAE to the Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15

GIRLS wanted for modelling jobs. Standard pay and free composites. Ring 353 9510 for interview except Mondays.

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PAIR of ears wanted urgently (male, turgish, moderately prominent, asthetically developed) as part time models. Good bread. BM-Box 3250 London WC1V 6XX

YOUNG GUY (22) seeks anyone with spare bread to help me get into music. Anything considered. BOX 122/5

GAY young black guy, London, wants to meet attractive long haired young guy (over 21) for permanent relationship. Will reply all letters. No freaks or effeminates please. This is a serious attempt to find a genuine partner. Seekers of promiscuous thrills need not reply. Please write to BOX 122/6

NASTY BALL, 2 February, all night at Bumpers, Coventry Street, London W1. A great party in support of the Nasty Four, and Nasty Tales, shortly to be prosecuted for "obscenity". Tickets £1, 9.00—6.00 a.m. Why not come along and join us and the throngs of happy hippies bopping away the midnight hours..... Nasty bands include Hawkwind, Pink Fairies, Brinsley Schwarz with Magic Michael, Linda Lewis, Blackheath Foot'n'Death Men, Sonic Seven, Skin Alley, Steve Peregrine Took and there'll be movies, (very nasty!) greasy food and much mayhem.....

GRADUATE, bachelor, youthful, slim, attractive, lonely and discreetly gay. Seeks friends in London or suburbs. No kinks please. Reply BOX 122/7

CARAVAN to let, S.Wales 603 4042

YOUNG photographer required male models (aged 14—21) for part-time work. No experience necessary. Good pay. Write with photo to BOX 122/8

MALE student, 21, seeks part time evening work to pay for studies. Desperate. BOX 122/9

SHY fun-loving guy (22) seeks love and friendship with affectionate chick, 18—25. Must be genuine. Write Philip Ashton, 52 Kings Road, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey.

GUY, 36, North London wants urgent 18—20 blonde female secretary for pleasure. Experience not important. Please phone George 607 7707

YOUNG wife required work. Photography, modelling. 01 622 2438 after 7 pm.

ENGLISH guy willing to consider participation in marriage of convenience, contact Steve at 31 Wray Crescent, Finsbury Park, N4

FEMALE (21) gay wishes to meet same. Own flat in East Midlands. No rent to pay. BOX 122/10

MICHAEL SIMPSON! Please contact your parents. Ring IT for their address.

DOLLY housewife, needs bread will pose for any type photos in own home. Hubby approves. BOX 122/11

SHY lonely gay youth would like to hear from same (over 21) in or around Merseyside area for friendship and maybe holiday. All replies answered. BOX 122/12

MALE, 19, English, seeks slim girlfriend for sex/fun/goodtimes, etc. BOX 121/9

EDINBURGH head (Male, 22) needs lively chick. BOX 122/13

GIRLS in Manchester area wanted for glamour photos. Beginners or amateurs only. Photo if possible. Flood, 7 Victoria Crescent, Eccles, Manchester

ALTERNATIVE Education: Free tutorial scheme mainly for children over 11. Starts Feb. All interested, whether as tutors or pupils, write to Tutorscheme, Childrens Rights, 24 Manor View, London N3

OVERSEXED, 21 year old, frustrated gay chicken (male) would like to meet other long haired way out attractive gay guys (21—26) to help relieve my frustration and teach me more about lovemaking. All letters answered. BOX 122/14

VERY sensual, well built attractive gay guy (21) seeks similar (21—26) for sexual pleasure, companionship and sincere relationships. Central London. Pad. Please write BOX 122/15

LONG haired, bearded good looking guy (21—28) required to love attractive young gay virgin (male). BOX 122/16

COMMUNITY

HELP. New Horizon Centre. 242 0010/2234

STREET AID. 24 hours free legal advice and representation. Any help you need with action, jobs, etc. 33 Southampton Street, London WC2 836 2215

RIB Information Service, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff, S.Wales. All are welcome. Visit our coffee commune—cheap food.

POSITIVE Movement is a young organisation. Meet people on Jumbo Marches, cosmology circle, carnival activities and community holidays. 10 Lady Somerset Rd, London NW5 01 485 1646

DRUG Dependents Care Group meets fortnightly on Thursdays at 7.30 at 6 Endsleigh St, London WC1. Contact Douglas Kepper, Walnut Cottage, Moorland, nr Bridgewater, Somerset.

CARDIFF GLF meets on Tuesdays at 7.30 at RIB, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff.

BIT desperately needs crash pads. We are having to turn people away. If you can help phone 229 8219

...ut picked up your Welfare ...d lived—with no heat.

...nyway he couldn't sit around ...pping, not if they were going ... make it to San Antonio for ...e 'Festival of Happiness' by ...morrow night. Outside on the ...rest the rest of the tribe ...are sitting around with what ...as left of two crates of ...udweiser' they had lifted from ...e 'Saigon Rose Bar' across the ...reet—the crazy old Marine ...rgeant who ran it had gotten ... generous when they fed him ...e old story about them being ...reen Beret veterans from the ...azilian campaigns.

... the evening the roads cleared ... and the tribe could cruise ...st without worrying. There ...re just a few trucks but with ...eir chromed smokestacks and ...anted rigs the truckers were ...K, rolling through the night, ...ey were into the same scene as ...e bikers. At the Texas Stateline ... Welfare agent stopped them. "...'m afraid you boys won't be ...ble to go back," he told them. "The Highways are getting too ...owded so the Administration ...s decided that you can only ...ry in Texas and New Mexico ...ntil further notice." It was to ... expected, the same thing ...d happened before on the ...st Coast, there weren't many ...cent routes left now. At ...ast they gave them a 50 ...llon gas voucher each as ...mpensation—the Highway

SOME WEIRD MOVIE continued from page 21

Patrols in Texas were cool, and there would be rich pickings from the Movies this summer.....

They could tell when they were nearing the Youth Camp where the Festival would take place when they noticed more and more heads and freaks hitching down the highway. "Creeps" yelled Memphis as they cruised past one bunch but he was too tired or drunk to hit them with the beer can he tossed. Why did these assholes have to show, with all their love and peace crap—and bumming stuff—still it was all part of the movie.

Twenty miles out from the Camp they met up with the Cougars from New Orleans, old friends and one time rivals. The whole thing of the Festival started there; when a Federal News Corporation film crew moved in on the reunion with the fights, the drinking and smoking and Frankie giving Larry, the President of the Cougars, a long, long French kiss. The producer signed them up on the usual basis, 50 dollars a day and free dope and wine. He explained about camera angles and letting the cops stomp you at the end—but they all knew the score anyway.

After checking in at the control tower, a kid in the green uniform of the Youth Police showed them over their lot, a patch of grass with a john, a standpipe and a firepit; everybody crashed except Head who ambled off in search of a Lay. He was determined to make up for the fiasco with that spade in drag at the Esalen festival last month. It seemed to be the usual scene—sitting around for three days of music and then break it up at the end, crack a few heads and off the Pigs.....

But the first band didn't show and the crowd got restless—a Dee Jay from the Youth Police tried to keep them all happy but then a politico grabbed the mike and started yelling. They cut the power but the kid had a loud voice and most people in the main arena could still hear him. "Aw shit" thought Head as he roamed through the sea of bodies and faces around the stage "Fuckin' commie bastards, I'll never get a Lay 'cos they'll be so uptight with this clown shooting his mouth off." The guy was rambling on about Fascist oppression and the government using welfare and the movies and brainwashing the straights.....

"Fuckin' commie assholes, don't they know it's all changed, even I....." and he stopped as he saw the most incredible little chick. "Ooh man, those blue eyes, her hair and that haughty look. Aloof. Those other fucker's 'd be real jealous." He flopped down beside her in a drunken attempt at nonchalance. "Howyagoin'?" he enquired, trying to play it real cool. "Eat shit you creep" she drawled without moving. "Aw come on sister, how about you and ....." but someone grabbed his shirt and pulled him to his feet before he could finish. "Don't call her sister mister 'cos I'm her brother." It was a punky little college boy in the Y.P. uniform. Head got the idea, it was another fucking movie routine. He winked at the kid and made to slice him with his switchblade,

but the guy wasn't playing the and the knife sliced through his epaulette, blood oozed over his medal stripes. "Jesus" thought Head, "This is for real. It's no moo....." Two automatic bullets ripped through his chest, everyone looked round. "Wow man, too much" a freak watched Head jerk back through the air and splash down on his friends, "this is gonna be some weird movie."

Hawk woke with a start when he heard the sickening crunch of a bike falling on its side. People were running and screaming, he heard a few shots and the dull thump of a gas grenade. What the hell was going on? He'd been in heavy movies before but nothing like this sort of panic. But what about the Bike? It was Cosmo's. A couple of hippies lay still and white beside it where Memphis had knocked them down. This was awful..... 'jane was nowhere around.....but what about the Bike man? The crumpled pipes and bent forks looked terrible, years of work in the meat factory for the bread to buy it, hours of time on the engine. Hawk knew, he'd done the same.

"Gotta move," he thought and ran over to his own bike and kicked it alive. "Sod the movie, let's get outta here." He steered through the bewildered freaks towards the guard towers that stood by the main gate. "Christ!" Hawk stopped, there were two lines of National Guard with gas masks and automatic rifles pointing forward. Could it be a new routine he hadn't heard of? He saw a young girl lying face down in a small pool of blood—no this was for real. A film crew on a jeep were making towards the Guards who parted ranks to let them through. He gunned the engine and slipped into second—the bike leapt for the gap. Crackle of gunfire. "Oh no!" the bike skidded and jerked from under him.....hot metal and burning oil on his leg.....lying very still.....thick tight feeling in his mouth..... blue sky.....lizard faces..... Guardsmen.....cameras whirring

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SPARE CHANGE?
SPARE CHANGE?
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GOT ANY SPARE CHANGE?
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